GOLD AND LOVE FOR DEARIE

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

BY

EUGENE FIELD

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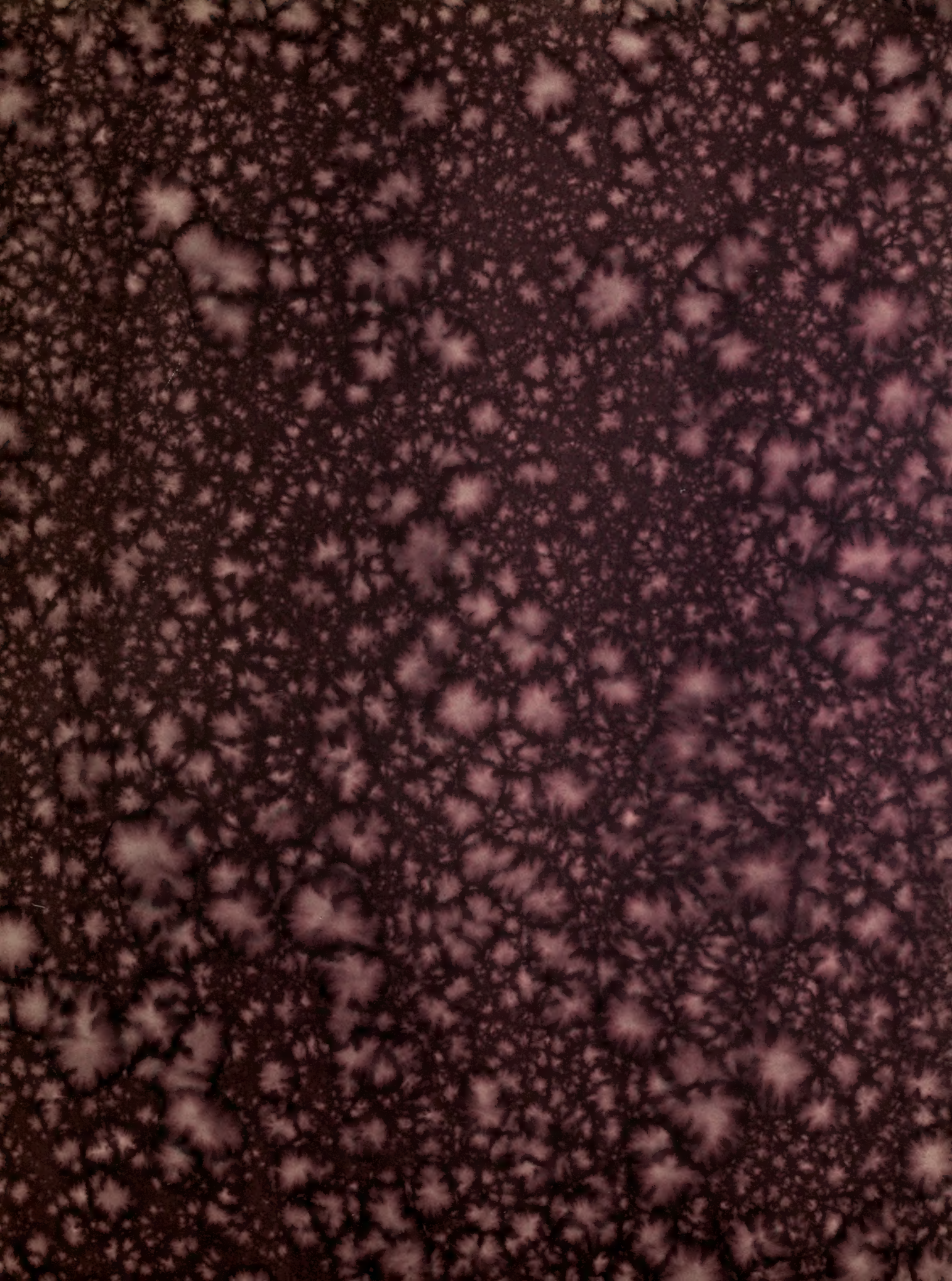

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Gold and Love for Dearie.

—

Out on the mountain over the town,

All night long, all night long,

The trolls go up and the trolls go down,

Bearing their packs and singing a song;

And this is the song the hill-folk ~~sing~~ crown,

As they trudge in the light of the misty moon —

This is ever their dolorous tune:

"Gold, gold! ~~evermore~~ ever more gold —

Bright red gold for Dearie!"

—

Deep in the hill ~~the~~ a father delves

All night long, all night long;

None but the peering, fortune elves

Sees his toil and hears his song;

Merrily ever the cavern rings

As merrily ever his pick he swings,

And merrily ever this song he sings:

"Gold, gold! ever more gold —

Bright red gold for Dearie!"

—

Mother is rocking thy lovely head

All night long, all night long,

Happy to smooth thy curly head,

To hold thy hand and to sing her song:

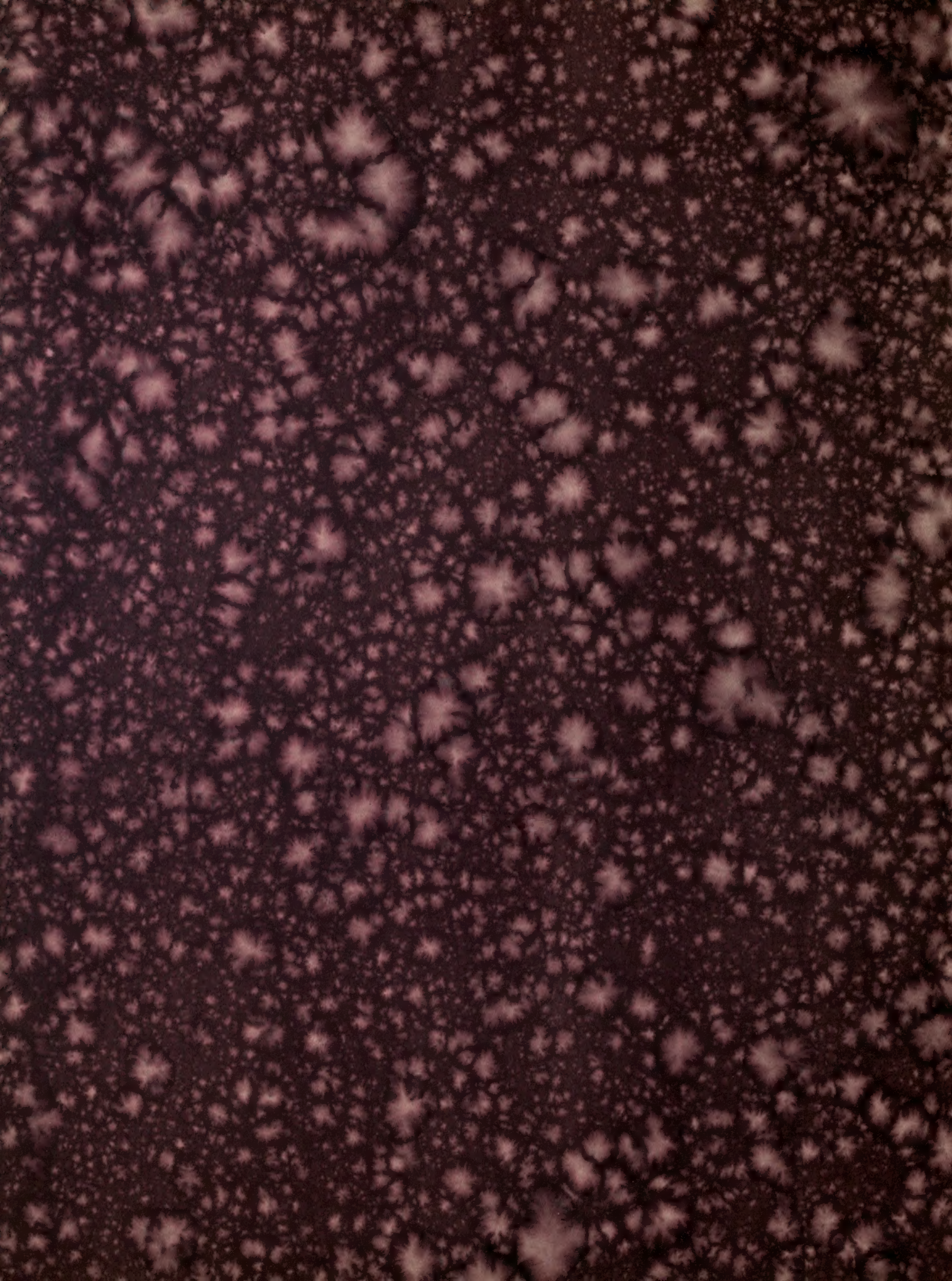
'Tis not of the hill-folk dwarfed and old,

Nor the song of thy father, stanch and bold,

And the burthen it beareth is not of gold;

But it's "Love, love! nothing but love —

Mother's love for dearie!"

- Eugene Field.

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